

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 46.

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: MARCH 11, 1911.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

THE RICH MAN DINES.

I see the broughams setting down
The gayest and the best in town.
Now, shine the lights! Sound, music sweet!
Go, gourmet, take your favorite seat!
I see the dandy-diner scan
The restaurateur's cunning plan
With quick shrewd glance, and critical
Pull out his chair!
Here's tinkling glass and silverware!
Here waits a beast ambrosial!

Now, shine the lights! Sound, music sweet!
Go, gourmet, take your favorite seat.
On cloth of snow you break your bread—
Wit! Beauty, waiting to be fed!
The chef's your king! Let flow the wines!
The rich man dines!

Just o'er the flood, a garret bare—
Both boast a different bill of fare—
A scanty crust, some tainted fish—
As ill a meal as you could wish!
I see a woman, wan and white,
With but a single tallow light,
Sewing until the dawn appears—
Then to her bed,
To rest her poor, world-weary head
On pillow wet with children's tears.

And yonder shine the lights, and loud
I hear the laughter of the crowd,
These diners, rich and proud and gay,
What of a hungry child think they?
Then pass the dish, let flow the wines—
The rich man dines!

—R. S. WARREN BELL.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTIS.

WHEN W. M. Hughes visited Maoriland recently, there was much soreness over the fact that he didn't seek out the Trades and Labor Council on arrival. The T. and L.C. people, after much searching, were nearly shocked to find that the Australian "Labor Leader" had taken up his abode with Sir James Mills, chairman of the Union Steamship Co. The Socialists, of course, knew that Mills' was just the house where a strike-breaking politician would be likely to be found.

Out of 60 boys ordered by a cadet officer to attend for drill in the Sydney training area only eight turned up. The boys are most unreasonable—they seem to utterly disregard Senator Pearce's pathetic invitation to come along and get ready to be killed.

Sid. Robinson, of Broken Hill, says J. C. Watson is "the best man in the Labor movement in Australia." Naturally, Sid. didn't get that idea from the Sydney gas workers.

W.R.W.: The *S.M. Herald's* London correspondent, Sir Henry Lucy, gives our local politicians away with the most sublime indifference when he writes in the issue of Feb. 25: "THE EXPRESSED DESIRE OF OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COLONIES TO TAKE PART IN THE PAGEANT OF THE CORONATION WILL RECEIVE THE ATTENTION OF HIS MAJESTY IN CONFERENCE WITH THE PRIME MINISTER." Here we have been laboring under the impression that his Majesty and his ministers were almost pleading with our Fishers, McGowens, and labor members generally, to come over and help them with the Coronation corroboree, and that our men were coyly waiting to be coaxed, and were hanging back apparently against pandering to royalty and the aristocracy of Britain, when all the time "official representatives" of the colonies were expressing a "desire" to be allowed to take part in the pageant. The Parliamentary picnic to London was, according to Sir Henry, being worked up under our very noses, and we hadn't the least suspicion of it. Could duplicity on the one hand and confiding simplicity on the other be better illustrated and displayed? What will the P.L.L., the A.W.U., and Trades Hall Council say when they read of this? Will they pass the usual resolution of regret, and let it go at that, or simply let it go by default?

Coal-owner Dudley is at last flinging up the Governor-General's job at £10,000 a year and perks, and is to be succeeded by a person named Denman, who served with the chicken-lifters when the Chamberlain gang set out to steal Africa for the international capitalists.

"Arbitration is the Labor Party's method, and if Mr. Lundie doesn't like it, he will have to get out," said Strike-breaker Hughes.

And still the Wharf-laborers' Union, of which Hughes is secretary, persistently repudiates the Arbitration award.

The N.S.W. Labor Government is going to bump Tivoli Rickards. He's cutting into a White Australia industry with colored Eastern labor, and the Labor politicians fear that a fall in prices may result if prompt action isn't taken. Rickards' offence is that he's employing a man whom he advertises as the "great Indian Fakir," and the politicians object. They say there's a plentiful supply of white labor of that variety at Parliament House without going to India for it.

Hedger, the philanthropist who runs the Blind Institute in William-street, Sydney, receives £12 a week for being a philanthropist; his son-in-law gets £4 a week for teaching a few men mat-making; and his son receives £2 10s a week. Thus declare the blind men in a recent circular. Which makes it seem that the Blind Institute is a beneficial concern—for the Hedger family.

Labor-member Holman prosecuting Labor member Catts, because the latter persisted in telling the railway workers (whose delegate he is) what the Railway Superannuation Board was doing at its meetings—a thing strenuously objected to by Tom Johnson—is one of the incidents that go to demonstrate the "loyalty" of the N.S.W. Labor Government to the workers'—bosses. We can't help remembering that it was Holman who catered off to fetch Tom Johnson along to aid in wrecking the tram strike.

Sydney City Council is out to grease the fat hog with a vengeance. At last meeting of the general purposes committee it was resolved to increase the salaries of the top-notchers as follows:

Town clerk, £1200 to £1300; deputy town clerk, £600 to £650; city treasurer, £800 to 866 13s 4d; city surveyor, £800 to £850; city electrical engineer, £900 to £950; city solicitor, £900 to £950; city building surveyor, £500 to £625; comptroller of assets, £550 to £625; general auditor, £500 to £533 6s 8d; chief inspector of city cleansing, £425 to £450.

When the Council's day laborers and other working-class employees come to demand a shilling a day extra, there won't be such a wild rush to vote the increase. Labor-member Meagher flogged this addition to the "nicest" men's pay through, denouncing opposition to the job as "alleged democratic heroics."

A coronation corroboree or durbar or some other old thing is to be held in India. The Prince of Wales is to attend, and the cost to famine-stricken, military-cursed India is to be £1,000,000. A corroboree and a shrieking scandal combined that ought to go some distance in the direction of awakening to class-consciousness the sleeping workers.

A couple of nippers who let their spirits loose, and threw lumps of Prince Alfred Park at one another and also at the people who were listening to the band, were fined the other day by a Sydney Magistrate; and the *D.T.* declared they were "just the sort for the Australian Army"—probably because of their capacity for destroying things. The Australian Army is to be an agency of destruction.

The Clifton mine-owners erected fever dens and ramshackle fowl-houses for the the miners to live in; and now, the said dens and fowlhouses having been condemned, the miners are being served with eviction summonses for not getting out of them, notwithstanding that the mine-owners have not provided them with new houses. It is always the workers who are made to suffer for the sins of the wealthy exploiters.

Socialist J. Gunn, of the Drivers' Union, Adelaide, referring to Mr. Justice Homeburg's recent award, stated the other day that the alleged concession in wages was only a shadow. A driver, he pointed out, received 4s extra per week as the result of the award. He went gleefully home, and found his wife far other than happy, because the landlord had raised the rent by 4s a week—and yet some people laughed when others said that the question of hours was more serious than wages.

In order to remove a big unemployed trouble from Newcastle, Labor-member Griffith wants to transport a large number of men to Broken Hill. The Broken Hill unionists (most of whom are Labor Party supporters) say they have plenty of unemployed men on their books already, and don't want any more there. The mine owners and managers say there's heaps of men wanted at Broken Hill. The latter evidently want a big surplus labor supply to draw upon. Will the Labor Government take the word of its own supporters—or will it obey the wishes of its real masters, the employers?

Wages Boards awards are great things—to look at. They are things that are never observed by the law-abiding employers. Reports have been received from the inspector under the Industrial Disputes Act, stating that in every case complained of by the Sawmill and Timber-yard Employees' Union he had found that employers in the Newcastle district had committed breaches of the award under the Act. Similar reports have been received from Narrabri.

The Hoskins firm at Lithgow has given instructions that the number of men working on the railway line from the blast furnace to the ironworks should be lessened. Only half the men are to be kept on—and it looks as if some more of the slaves in N.S.W. are to be taught a lesson. Some day the slaves will kick back and the lesson will bite the teachers.

Arthur Griffith, having declared he would defy the railway workers at Moree, and find scabs to replace them if they struck, Con. Hogan, who recently secured an organizer's position, has been practising the chloroforming act. Mr. Hogan has been telling the men to give the day-labor system a fair trial (even though at sweated rates), and he has been pointing out to them all that a Wages Board can do for them. He has also been saying that Wages Boards were made for the benefit of the workers, and that the Labor members were men who had risen from the ranks, and as these favored wages boards the railway workers should favor them also. All of which goes to show the muddy waters the Labor Party and their fake "organisers" frisk about in.

When unionists on strike start taking secret ballots to see whether they shall return to work on the bosses' terms, it begins to look as if the strike-breakers had got a leg in.

A Lithgow unionist (John Henry McMillen) has been sent to jail for two months. The charge against him was that he did, on February 27, with violence, prevent Edward Carden from working at his lawful occupation. Edward Carden is a non-unionist, and his "lawful occupation" was what working-men call scabbing. Some people used to think that the Labor Party wouldn't put unionists in jail for being unionists; but the Hoskins firm knows a thing or two more than that, and the Labor Government is going to teach some lessons to men who are inconsiderate enough to jeopardise the bosses' interests by striking. McMillan's lesson is to last nearly two months.

Tom Johnson tried to be facetious the other day. "Tom Richard Johnson," he told them, when asked for his name at the Decentralisation Commission, before which he was a witness. "Not Thomas?" he was timidly asked. "No, Tom!" he said. "Don't write me down an ass."

This paper would suggest the last sentence was altogether superfluous. T.R.J. has so often written himself down an ass that it's unnecessary for anyone else to do it. Besides it would be a waste of good time, which the cuffs-and-collar johnny who takes the notes might otherwise utilise to manicure his nails.

The scab politicians, headed by W. M. Hughes, have sent a wire from Sydney to Frank Lundie demanding the withdrawal of the message he sent to Judge Higgins. Speaking at Renmark, Lundie said: "If he had to leave his position in the A.W.U. next Monday he would come back to the holl-carrying. He, however, would not be at the beck and call of men getting £1500 a year. He was prepared to go to the rank and file, but would not let the men out of touch with the movement altogether dictate to him."

Six persons can form a branch of the S.F.A.—the fighting party of the working-class. What's wrong with YOU and your mates making a move?

Speaking in regard to the prosecutions of the strikers, Mr. Hoskins said these would be proceeded with within a few days.

This was immediately after the strike had been settled by Mr. Carmichael and his fellow workers in the cause of scabbery.

Immediately the miners returned to work, after the Wade-Hughes combine had wrecked the strike, the coal-owners proceeded to pile up coal in tens of thousands of tons. Now, they have so much coal in hand that they are in a position to laugh at the miners' demands for better conditions, and in the Newcastle end of the district there is the utmost distress through lack of employment. The miners are in want because they have produced too much coal. And capitalism calls this "civilisation."

W.R.W.: Capitalism is becoming ashamed of its own advertisements, and a writer in the *Quarterly* says that "displayed advertisements (on hoardings especially) are not only an esthetic reproach, but a moral danger. They force millions of people to believe that exaggeration and falsehood are recognised and accepted ways of doing business." And he asks why "the eye should be thus victimised." "No one" would stand a persistently shouting horde of hawkers. Just so, and the millions of people are quite right in believing that business, under the present system, is largely made up of lies and exaggeration. The hoardings display the most barefaced falsehoods, and in doing so, they are but a reflex of the present fraudulent system. They disgust all thoughtful men and women, and enable them to point the finger of scorn at the present system. The critics of Socialism should all be asked to view the hoardings of their own pet system, and to say if things could be worse under any other.

Speaking at Merriwa, Arthur Griffith said, in effect, that the day laborers would be paid present rates, but the Government would see that they were "speeded up," so that there would be no Government stroke.

Labor-member Carr has brought under the notice of the Labor Postmaster-General the case of a postmaster whose salary was £136 a year, out of which he had to pay £26 for an assistant, £24 for rent, and £8 for maintenance, leaving a whole £78 for himself. The Postmaster-General has now ordered that the postmaster concerned is to have his salary raised to £110, less 10 per cent. for rent; so that this man, who handles hundreds of pounds every week, and works long hours, will now be paid a princely sum of £99 a year on which to keep honest and respectable, and maintain his family.

Said that B. R. Wise is to be given a judgeship by Attorney-General Holman. Wise worked Holman past the sandbanks of the Council of the Bar what time that snob trade union clique threatened to biff Holman out (because he had been in jail) when Holman applied to be admitted as a barrister; then Holman rounded up the sick man, and saved Wise's Government when the Friedman corruption threatened its life; and Wise has since helped the L.P. on the political platform. All the same, Holman won't be a wise man if he works the job of making Wise a judge.

It is significant that the new French Premier, Monis, proposes to comply with the Socialists' demand for the reinstatement of all the victimised railway strikers.

The Carcoar iron miners are still on strike. All the ore coming to Lithgow is scab ore, and thus it is scab work that Carmichael, Cann, and Dooley have trapped the furnace men into doing to oblige Mr. Hoskins.

Says the *Newsletter*: Mr. Solicitor Beeby, Minister for Education, has been admitted as a barrister, having practised as a smaller shark for over five years.

Great news for Ireland. King George will attend the Leopardstown races (and probably put a bit of his hard-earned savings on the sure things). The Irish will surely be loyal after this.

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor."

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-st., Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7.—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Thursday, 8.—Economic Class.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

A Red Mark

through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE, and must be renewed within ten days from date of this issue if you wish the paper to continue. If your Subscription is not renewed within the time stated, the Executive will take it as an intimation that you wish to have the paper discontinued.

There are times when silence is treason and submission a crime.—EUGENE V. DEBOS.

The Labor Conference.

BY W.R.W.

THE annual conference of the delegates of the P.L.L. of N.S.W. concluded its sittings on February 15th, after several weeks of strenuous wrestling with an unwieldy mass of matter that didn't amount to much.

Since it last met, the P.L.L. has won two "glorious victories" in the Federal and State electorates, in consequence of which there was considerable jubilation and a big supply of resolutions and proposals to meet the growing demand for party fireworks.

The conference was unwieldy and unruly, many delegates having attended who left discretion and commonsense behind them, and who were prepared to make the pace a cracker, and the time very fast for the presiding chairman.

There were shoals of prospective members of Parliament there, who should have remained at home sawing wood instead of getting up to split straws and saw the air in a labor conference. The more party feeling such delegates had, the more determined were they to have their say on matters of which they knew nothing particular, and the more convinced they were that they were right and everybody else wrong. Points of order and amendments were favorite weapons with such delegates, and it was surprising how fully they were armed with such means of wasting time and making their fellow delegates electric and uncontrollable.

Reverting to the abovementioned glorious victories in the Federal and State electorates, it should be noted that some delegates of the conference didn't seem too sure that they had won very much after all. In the Federal sphere the principal gain was the land tax with the £5000 exemption. Since the land tax bill was passed, the Federal and State Labor Parliaments have hearkened to the seductive voice of the daily press, and have sent abroad to invite the thousands of landless workers to come and take up the lands said to have been made available here by the tax, and owing to the imaginative and highly colored pictures of the blessings of the tax, the said

landless workers came, and are coming still, with the only result that an increased demand for city houses in the poorer quarters has been developed.

The landlords have promptly taken advantage of the bogus boom, and have raised the rents all round, which has so alarmed many that they have rushed to the suburbs to buy land on which to build and so get away from the landlords in the cities. But in the suburbs there are shoals of small allotment sharks waiting for them, and these have also taken advantage of the increased demand to raise their prices, and thus make the building covenant harder.

As the £5000 exemption doesn't affect the small allotment shark, he can sell to those who want to hold for a future rise and thus exploit someone else. He says, "Here you are, these choice allotments can be bought and held out of use, and the building covenant is high enough to ensure that only people with fairly long purses can buy them. Future values are protected and must increase, and they are effectually protected from the poor who would like to purchase them."

The conference tried to deal with the matter, but it wasn't game to tell the Federal Government that the land tax had proved a delusion and a snare, and that the exemption was a fatal defect of which the landlords are taking full advantage to raise rents and prices, and so discredit their labor enemies. The delegates left the matter in the hands of Providence, and as Providence is the friend of the fat landlords, the result can easily be prophesied.

But if they had gained nothing much from the great Federal victory there was still hope from the victory they had won in State politics. The Minister for Lands would free them from their natural enemies—the landlords and landsharks. The delegates turned to Mr. Nielsen, who would build workmen's dwellings on leased land at a fair price. Mr. Nielsen promptly turned and ran away—from what he had promised.

He attended the conference and showed the delegates a map of some crown lands which he was going to sell. After he had sold this land he would give the people some land on lease somewhere, sometime, in the dim and distant future.

The delegates sat up and rubbed their eyes and stared at Mr. Nielsen. Could this be the man who had said that he would sell no more crown land, that it would be retained for the people and let on lease? Yes, there he was, there was no mistake, and he was holding up a plan printed and colored after the orthodox land shark's pattern. O, this was too much! The press with its raucous demands for freeholds had scared him and he had fallen!

For an hour the Minister harangued the delegates to show that he was still desirous of keeping friends with them, but he must administer the laws which the Liberals had made or there would be dreadful things happen. The delegates listened and tried to believe in him, but it was no use. He was a self-confessed humbug, and there was nothing left to be done but to pass a resolution of "regret" and let the matter drop, which was accordingly done.

If the victories in the Federal and State electorate in the matter of land monopoly were barren of results, the result as regards the other great monopoly of capital was worse. The failure of Labor in party politics to get anything by means of the political machine from capitalists was well illustrated in the Cabmen's affair.

The Cabmen's delegate explained that the company which owned the taxi-cabs was given every advantage against the cabmen. They were allowed to take precedence in the ranks, and were thus able to get

most of the fares. The cabmen urged that they should take their turn, and had sent a deputation to the Chief Secretary to ask for equal rights. The Chief Secretary had duly responded by informing them that only capitalists had rights. These must take precedence, as usual, or have special ranks allotted them, so that the public could go to them just the same. The horse cabs were a thing of the past, the modern and up-to-date taxi-cabs were bound to beat them off the streets. As the taxis are the property of the capitalists, the horse cabman must go with his cab, and the fittest being the taxis and capitalists, they must survive.

It is the old position of the machines and their owners wiping out and replacing the workmen. All the Labor Chief Secretary could do was to hint that the cabmen should leave the field to the more modern taxi-cabs.

When the conference tried to deal with the cabman difficulty, there were not wanting those who echoed the Chief Secretary's sentiments; but though the majority couldn't see just what to do, they felt there was something wrong with the doctrine—and there is, too.

Under present conditions men are divided into capitalists and laborers, property holders and masses living on uncertain wages, and as long as society remains organized so as to permit the owners of capital to appropriate for themselves all the benefits of new inventions and increased production, there can be no escape from the tyranny and oppression we see around us.

The P.L.L. Conference failed to appreciate this, and hence it failed to strike any definite or serious blow at the monopoly of land and capital.

The Conference did not dare to hold out a hope that when Labor becomes strong enough it will be able to resist the collection of surplus production. It did not dare to tell the people that the land belongs to all, and that occupation and use are the only rightful title to it. It did not dare to tell the people that when they are wise enough they will take possession of the land and use it in defiance of the capitalist State which now defends the monopoly of it.

Nor did the Conference hold out any hope, or make any pronouncement, that when the people are weaned from their superstitious reverence for Church and State, they will take surplus production and new inventions and their benefits for themselves instead of allowing them to be seized by a few greedy money-maniacs.

In a well-organized society under a socialist system, the taxi-cabs could have been introduced without injury to the cabman, but under present conditions, with labor organisations bossed by an effete party system, and tainted by the old lust for riches, there can be no possibility of a scientific conception of what a real working-class movement should stand for.

Let the cabmen and other workers become Socialists, and assist to make more Socialists, and when we are strong enough to cope with the two great monopolies, landlordism and capitalism, their overthrow and extinction will be a simple and easy matter.

Our Ally, the Mikado, judging by the deeds of our other Allies, Nicolas and Alfonso, and our own conduct in India, evidently thinks that the secret trial and summary execution of political prisoners are evidences of up-to-date civilisation.—Justice.

The language of Socialism is as old as Isaiah, who wrote: "And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat."

The Contract System at Mt. Morgan

BY F.J.R.

CONTRACT work is the speeding-up system in its worst form; it drives men at top speed the whole time. There is no better way by which an employer can find how far he dare drive his men than under this system.

There are many forms of contract worked in mines in Australia.

Tributing is contract; men agree to pay to a company a certain percentage of the ore they break; they (the men) bear all the cost of mining, etc.; they prospect and open mines at no cost to the owners. If they get on rich ground, they usually through some pretence lose the tribute; if they get nothing, they stand the whole of the loss.

Another form of contract sets down a certain price for which mining will be done throughout the mine. A ballot is then taken, and by this means men are allotted their respective places.

Under this system places in mines are worked that would perhaps not be otherwise worked, as some working falls are much more dangerous or more laborious than others.

Another system is that of "setting" a party of men for a certain term to break ground at a given price. At the end of the term if the men have made more than a certain wage their contract price is reduced; if, on the other hand, they have not made a certain wage their contract is increased.

Under this system, the employer finds out, by giving a little extra, how much the men can do, and thus he always "sets" the men and not the ground that has to be broken.

All these systems are worked in the interests of the owners, but in each case the whole of the men that work contract share in the little extra money that is gained.

This is not so at Mt. Morgan. There they have a worse system. The contracts are so let that men are speeded up more methodically. The worker drives his fellow worker; all the veneer of freedom of contract is torn off, and the contract system stands exposed in its most glaring light.

A party of men take a contract to break ground for a period of 12 weeks. They employ other men to work for them. Thus, if six men take a contract, they will have to pay six more men 10s per shift to work for them. So each man who works for wages has a contractor for a mate who is his employer. It must be remembered that the contract is an open one, and perhaps the man who is working on wages contracted for the identical work that he is employed at.

It can be seen that under this arrangement all that is detestable in the competitive system is brought into play, and whilst one man may be making 15s or 16s a shift, the other is getting 10s a shift. This will give a mean wage of about 12s 6d or 13s. In this way the company places one worker over the other, and by this means they can go to the uttermost limit of speeding up both the contractor and wages man.

South Australian Labor Government appears to be split into two factions over the Sunday law. The picture shows are keeping open, having been advised by Attorney-General Denny that Chief Secretary Wallis can't legally enforce the Sunday pleasure-prohibiting law. There's trouble in John Verran's "Amen Corner" accordingly.

The straw-hat makers (especially the girls) of Adelaide, are suffering all sorts of intimidation and victimisation since they were sold out by the Trades Hall laborites.

Frank Callaghan, 8 years of age, was run over by a motor car at Redfern, and badly injured.

The Class Struggle in Lithgow

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

I HAVE visited and spoken in the Rhondda Valley in Wales, where—as an example of what conditions colliery combines can force on the workers—the death-rate of infants under a year old is 200 in the 1000; and I can safely affirm that, given the time and opportunity to the capitalist, under a fostering Labor Government, Lithgow Valley in New South Wales will, in a few years time, make not a bad second to the Rhondda Valley. What saves it at present is its better climate, and the fact that industrialism is, at Lithgow, in its infancy, instead of looming, as it does in the Welsh valley, as a full-grown giant. But Capitalists of the Hoskins type are spoon-feeding the tender industrial infant, and the Federal Labor Government is adding to its girth and stature by completing the Small Arms Factory, which will shortly give employment to several hundred workers, who will thus become State slaves, and be owned economically by a capitalist Government, instead of themselves owning (as they might, if they were class-conscious) a Co-operative Commonwealth Administration.

Lithgow is indeed a delightful object lesson in the ideals and inspirations of a Labor Government. This Small Arms Factory, which is rapidly approaching completion (although public money for other objects, such as education, is very "tight" when it is a question of more school teachers or better apparatus for teaching), stands on the slope of a hill about half a mile from the town. It is approached by a wide new road, pretentiously named Ordnance Avenue; and, as I walked along it up to the main entrance, I pictured to myself how, in the future, a Labor Defence Minister would come swinging up in his motor car to inspect the output of small arms, which would be needed to place in the hands of the recruits who might at any moment be called out to quell a rising of Industrial Unionists, organised for social and economic revolution, but who, in the interests of sacred private property, which the Labor Ministers had taken an oath to defend, had to be quelled and dominated in traditional fashion by bullet and bayonet.

One of the side streets, leading out of this flamboyant military avenue, was named Factory-street! What a symbol of hope and beauty and ideal for the Government workers who were to inhabit it! But what was worse to my mind was the fact that between the town and the new Government factory on the hill was a stretch of low-lying, water-logged clay land, which some speculative builder had bought up, and laid out in building blocks for "homes for the workers." Plenty of sickness and trouble will be ahead there for the workers who live on that land; and their families will suffer in health because of the economic necessity of living on an undrained flat, so that the bread-winner may be near his work. There is no drainage system at Lithgow, with a population over 3000. Another interesting fact in administration is that, though there is, in connection with the Public School, a small and rather neglected looking science building and laboratory, there is no science instructor; so that, practically, at present the building is useless.

A worthy bishop, who left Australia lately, told the people at home that Australia was the paradise of the working man. I hardly like to call his statement a terminological inexactitude, because it's his business to know more about paradise than I do; but as a student of political economy, a traveller, and observer of conditions on this planet, if such conditions as I am describing in this are a sample of the worthy bishop's paradise, why then, I'm not having any. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoskins' iron works and blast furnaces struck me as a very good imitation of the classic hell of the dark ages, as I have seen it depicted by the good Buddhist monks on the walls of their temple at Kandy, and by the good Christian monks in missals, and on the walls of Christian churches. There were the agile, hefty demons stoking glowing furnaces, and wielding long pincers with which they seized and manipulated luminous masses of iron; there was the lading out of molten metal, and the noise of the stamping, crushing, and rotating of resistless machines. There was the dirt and the heat and the sweat, and the tear on the living throbbing nerves, all pointing to the fact that two hours of such exhausting work would, under an organised and co-operative system

of industry, be the outside share of labor allotted to those who did the most strenuous work of the community. The conditions which Mr. Hoskins is able, under a Labor Government, to impose on his white wage slaves, is an eight-hours day at less than a shilling an hour; and the tragedy of the recent strike to me seems to lie in the fact that his men only came out for an extra threepence an hour, and because they refused to work iron stone got by scab labor. Think of it! The pitiful smallness and humbleness of the demand! And yet two Labor members and a Labor Minister advised and hustled the men to go back to work; and thus broke the strike.

Mr. Hoskins is credited with getting what he demands from the Government, namely a bonus of 12s 6d on every ton of pig-iron made by his men; a further bonus of 12s 6d on every ton of puddled iron; and a third bonus of 12s 6d on every ton of the finished manufactured article. If this be really so, and, if the men who told me of this quite charming arrangement (for Hoskins) can prove their statement, it should give them another arm in their industrial struggle at the blast furnace; for thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just! Meanwhile, what are we to think of the two Labor members, and the Labor Minister, who, after having been on the spot and seen the conditions of work, advised the men to go back to their—paradise? I could not help wondering if they saw the scab hotel hastily built and opened by Mr. Hoskins in honor of the recent strike. It stands inside the enclosure of the blast furnace, close to an open tank, where the water from the turbine engines is cooled. Its walls are not of sardonyx and opal, but of unlined galvanised iron; its floor is the bare, damp, sooty earth; its bunks are like those in the old emigrant ships; and its dining table and benches attached suggest the strictly practical and utilitarian methods which govern the feeding of animals rather than the catering for free human beings. "Good enough for scabs," some may say. Yes; and it makes one realise Mr. Hoskins' true and unadulterated opinion of scabs, if he dares to offer them such accommodation, and charge them, as I was told, 10s a week for it. Poor fellows, they are out of the line of evolution; they are, by their action, committing moral and economic suicide; for they are doing their little best to hinder the greatest and the most far-reaching revolution that the world has ever known. But they can only hinder, they cannot stop the march of the organised and triumphing workers of the world, whose mission is to found on the ruins of capitalism a fair and free Co-operative Commonwealth.

These things shall be; a loftier race
Than e'er the world has known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their soul
And light of science in their eyes.

BY A.S.

The strike is off; and every true unionist in Lithgow is shocked and disgusted with the oily-tongued Labor Politicians for their disgraceful advice to the strikers and the degrading terms arranged for the men to return to work.

Up till Saturday, Feb. 25th, the furnacemen were full of fight, and, with the support they were assured of from the limestone quarrymen at Ben Bullen and Portland, would most certainly have brought this haughty sweater Hoskins to more reasonable terms.

However, on the above-mentioned date, Messrs. Carmichael, Cann, Dooley, and Hoyle came on the scene; met Hoskins in the afternoon, and arranged terms for the men to go back to work.

They also called the strikers together later the same afternoon, and pleaded with them to accept the terms they (the strike-breakers) had already fixed up with Hoskins.

A ballot was taken on Sunday morning; fifty of the strikers got back and are now working side by side with scabs, whilst about thirty of their victimised mates are carrying their swags and looking for work elsewhere.

It must, indeed, be pleasant to Hoskins to see the so-called Labor members playing into his hands the way they have done during this strike.

However, it has been an object lesson to the workers.

Mr. Hoskins, in calling upon Mr. Pillans to propose a toast at the show luncheon on Saturday, said: "I will now call on my friend, Mr. Pillans. At one time, if any-

body had told me that I would say 'My friend, Mr. Pillans,' I would have doubted; but I have found him not a bad fellow." No doubt; Hoskins has found the Labor Alderman a good fellow. He (Pillans) attended the strike ballot on Sunday morning and complimented the men on their "victory." He told them to "take it from him they had gained a great victory." If this is Bob's idea of a labor victory, what would be his conception of a defeat?

It is said that, as the outcome of the "great victory" Mr. Pillans tells the furnacemen they have won, the secretary of the union has been refused work, although he was one of those who succeeded in the ballot. And Hoskins promised the strikers he would re-employ every man selected by ballot.

The 30 victimised men have no chance whatever of getting back to work; and the union men are being made to do all the night shift work while the scabs are given the day shift.

Mr. Pillans was twice a Labor candidate, was P.L.L. delegate to the recent Labor Conference in Sydney, and is an alderman—as well as figuring as Mr. Hoskins' "friend." The workers should have something to say to the union man who is called friend by a scab employer and sweater of honest men.—Lithgow, March 4.

BY AN ONLOOKER.

The strike was "settled" in this way: Mr. Pillans, of the P.L.L., was put up at the local A.H. and P. banquet, to "reply" to certain things Mr. Hoskins had said. Mr. Hoskins replied by declaring he had "done all in his power to meet the wishes of the blast furnace men"; the iron boss, almost tearfully, told them how he'd advised the men to go to the Wages Board instead of striking. Mr. Dooley interjected: "They would do it now." The mayor quoted Scripture to show that the strong should be merciful (but there are 30 victimised unionists who haven't realised Hoskins' mercy). Bowden, M.P., of the Leg-irons Party, added a word; and then Dooley put the finishing touches to what was apparently a pre-arranged scheme, by asking Hoskins to meet Carmichael (who has figured in the breaking of not a few strikes) and Cann and himself. Mr. Hoskins played his part by saying he'd do it with pleasure. The four met and fixed things up in Hoskins' way, and then they called it a "mutual compromise"; but Hoskins knew different, and went out and called Bob Pillans his friend. Then the furnacemen (some of them) went back to work—alongside of scabs, the scabs to have preference; and 30 of the furnacemen went out to look for work and to see their homes and their wives and little ones threatened with want; and Hoskins, being merciful because he is strong (that is, strong because he knows he has the Labor Party behind him), has considerably promised to try and put all of the unionists in jail or have them fined because they wouldn't be scabs. Moreover, the work they sent them back to do was scab work—because the unionists at Carcoar were still out, and the ore the furnacemen had to handle was got by scab labor.

At Carcoar, as a result of the scab methods employed by the Labor members, the most deplorable situation has been created. In spite of Hoskins' promise to reinstate all the unionists, the local secretary was notified that "his place had been filled." Then 10 of the men returned to work and 22 decided to still remain out. Political scabbery thus triumphs, and flings the weight of organised scabbery on the industrial field into the scales in favor of the scab employer Hoskins. Was there ever a more shriekingly shameful act of traitorism to working-class interests than that of which Carmichael (my friend, Mr. Carmichael, as Mr. Chelmsford said), Cann, and Dooley. Let the wage-workers think it out?

Things will be different, though, when the workers organise along the lines of Revolutionary Unionism advocated by the International Socialists.

BY AN INDUSTRIALIST.

The strike which took place at the blast furnace here, in sympathy with the men at Carcoar iron mines, and to uphold the union principle not to handle scab ore, came to an ignominious end, through the intervention of strike-breakers, in the persons of Dooley, Beeby, and Carmichael, backed up by one of our prominent P.L.L.-ers, an aspirant for Parliament, who proclaims himself a trades unionist and a friend to labor generally. Mr. Hoskins also describes him as his friend, and a good fellow. This friend of both sides told the assembled unionists they "had gained a splendid victory." Now, for the victory. The union, which numbers 90, had to ballot for 50 places, scabs to remain in, and the rest of the unionists to take their chance for work as required. Since returning to work, it transpires that the union men are to take the two night shifts, while the "free-laborers" work the day shift. Truly a great victory—for Hoskins! Preference to scabs with a vengeance. Things like this should cause the Lithgow men to wake up and get a move on towards class conscious unionism.—Lithgow, March 6.

South Australian Notes.

THERE was a short strike the other day. Gambling and McDonald refused to pay two carters certain back wages agreed to when the drivers returned to work recently. The firm came to its senses when it found the rest of the drivers ceasing work.

Victimising is going on at Mile End, and Couston's employees are to be called together by the U.L.U. to put things straight.

The brick-drivers are joining the Drivers' Union.

Senator Ready (Tas.) appeared before the Labor Council recently, and talked much on the referenda. Delegate Clark quietly asked him if the Labor members were going to London to place the referenda proposals before the people there. Whereupon Ready readily wriggled.

Attorney-General ex-Liberal Denny has been calling the Register liar and Ananias and several other names because the Register said there was a split in the Cabinet; and the Register in return says: "Same to you, and many of 'em." This is one of the rare occasions on which the statements of both the paper and the politician may be accepted as quite reliable.

Special constables at Renmark told certain storekeepers that if they refused to serve the scabs they would be liable to a £50 fine. Some of the special constables have gone about brandishing firearms.

An effort was made at Renmark to get children from the schools to act as blacklegs against the fruit-pickers on strike. The profit-maker will go to all lengths, won't he?

Extract from the fruit-growers' (bosses) "warning to strikers": "As free-born men in a free country the growers utterly repudiate the right of any body of men, union or otherwise, outside the lawful government of the country, to interfere with their movements." Which, being interpreted, means: "As free born men in a free country, the fruit-growers repudiate the right of anybody to interfere with their free movements in the direction of making slaves of those who are unfortunate enough to be their employees."

Adelaide Trades and Labor Council, in response to the Socialist Party's request, has decided to organise a public meeting of protest against the Labor Party's Wowsers Sunday law.

Adelaide Daily Herald, organ of the Labor Party, declares, re the carters' award: "The award will doubtless please the employers immensely, because they were quite quite prepared to concede those, and even better, terms when they were driven into a corner by the drivers' strike. . . . On the other hand, the employees cannot be otherwise than wholly dissatisfied with the result of their appeal to the law courts for they have only been allowed the rate of wages that was offered them after the trouble began, and will be compelled to work even longer hours than the employers would have insisted upon before the decision was left in the hands of Mr. Justice Homburg. As the award stands the drivers will have to work for 54 hours each week, or 56 hours if employed on the Port road, whereas, as a matter of fact, the hours of labor were of more importance than the rate of pay when the drivers first rose in rebellion at the injustice with which they were treated. It is now put to them bluntly that they are to be paid 8s per day and be compelled to work from six to eight hours per week longer than other laborers. . . . Altogether the position is a very serious one, for it can scarcely be contemplated that the drivers will accept the situation with equanimity, and as the court's determination cannot be over-ruled at short notice the whole problem is difficult and embarrassing."

Copy of an advt. appearing in S.A. daily papers:

U.L.U.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE FROM THE U.L.U. THE MAN WHO GOES FRUIT-PICKING AT RENMARK GOES "SCABBING."

J. DALE, Secretary.

Frank Lundie, speaking at Renmark, said: "He had seen one special constable the night before out watching the vines to see that no one burned them. He had his arms around a fine buxom lass, and she had hers around him. They might know him. He rode a motor bike, and wore a long coat. Probably he had been sworn in to look after that young lady."

The Workers on the Rocks.

BY H.E.H.

RECENTLY Labor-member Arthur Griffith intimated that his Government would cease building tenements for the workers in the Rocks Area, and would erect cottages, the rent of which would be about a guinea a week, and he made it clear that he knew the average worker couldn't pay such a high rent, but explained that that difficulty could be got over by the workers' wives taking in a boarder or two.

The other day, a deputation from the Sydney Labor Council waited on Mr. Carmichael with respect to this matter, and offered strong opposition to the construction of tenements.

The deputation showed that a Royal Commission had reported against the tenements, but the Wade Government had proceeded with their construction in defiance of the Commission's finding, and now the McGowen Government is following hard in the footsteps of Wade.

One member of the deputation—a vigorous Labor Party supporter—reminded the Minister of how, in his company, Mr. Carmichael had inspected the tenements and roundly condemned them.

Mr. Carmichael was bombastic. All his middle-class instincts came uppermost. Some of the deputationists had declared that the McGowen Government deserved condemnation for its conduct; he told them in effect that their condemnation didn't work worth a travelling tinker's benediction with him. Some unions had passed motions of censure on the Government; Mr. Carmichael told them that their votes of censure wouldn't have the least effect on the Government. Then he went on to say that the Government "had the deepest sympathy with the conditions prevailing on the Rocks area"; but he "did not feel it to be his duty to the general public" to remove the tenements. To do that would be to burden the dwellers in other places to make better dwellings for the workers on the Rocks.

It was not fair, he said, to ask the State, already losing £12,000 a year on the Rocks area, to fix a rent lower than the capital value of the land, and throw a further loss on the "general tax-payer." (The general tax-payer, it should be noted, is the Fat Man.) The Government would not be hurried along by any attempted flogging of it on the part of the workers. He also intimated that the rent would be raised in every case where a bath was added to the dwelling—a statement that called forth a storm of protest from the deputation, one of whom asked if the Labor Government would also levy additional rent for increased sunlight.

Comment on this incident is quite unnecessary. The position is summed up by the heading to this article. The majority of the workers on the Rocks voted for the McGowen Government—and they are, in a double sense, the "Workers on the Rocks."

"The Referenda Proposals from a Socialist Viewpoint," will form the subject of a special article by H. E. Holland in our next issue.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, M.P., asked a recent meeting of the Wharf-laborers' Union for £100 to help along the Labor Party's political fight in the referenda proposals; and the wharf-laborers wisely turned the request down with a "No" that rang like a clap of thunder. Whereupon the wrecker of strikes picked up his hat, and left the meeting with a countenance as full of unpleasantness as a clause in Wade's Coercion Act.

Next week we shall commence the publication of a series of most interesting articles by J. Blumenthal, under the caption, "The Truth about the Labor Party."

S.F.A. News & Notes.

South Australia.

BY H.E.C.

COMRADE H. R. GILLESPIE was the lecturer last Sunday night at the hall. Subject: "Science and the Class War."

We have a Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and have a fair attendance of scholars. We invite parents to send their children to the school. The parents can accompany the children and see for themselves what the children are taught.

The party, at a meeting held last night, instructed the secretary to wire Lundie as follows: "Congratulations from Socialist Party on stand you have taken against politicians' attempted coercion re Arbitration. Best wishes for success of fight."

On Monday last, Frank Lundie received a wire (at Renmark) from Donald Macdonnell, N.S.W. Chief Secretary, and secretary of the A.W.U., calling on him (Lundie) to withdraw the wire which Dale sent to Judge Higgins, re the Arbitration Court. Lundie declined to do so. Strike-breaker Labor-fakir Hughes, Federal Attorney-General, also wired to Lundie to get him to take the Renmark case to the Arbitration Court, but he got no change from Lundie either.—3.3.11.

South Australia notifies approval of recommendation re anti-militarist conference. At meetings in Botanic Park on Sundays, and street meetings on week night, the anti-militarist position of the S.F.A. has been placed before the workers, whose hostility has been aroused to the Labor Party's murder scheme.

Victoria.

R. S. Ross goes to New Zealand to edit the new paper of the N.Z. Federation of Labor.

Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore will deliver a series of four lectures in Melbourne, beginning on March 19. Her subjects will be, "Why I am a Socialist," "Evolution and Revolution," "Art and Beauty under a Socialised System of Society," "Motherhood and Militarism." Labor Party supporters should attend these lectures, especially the latter on Militarism.

Jack Curtin has been elected organiser for one of the big Melbourne unions. The Socialist says Curtin did not seek the appointment; it sought him.

Sydney Jottings.

On Saturday night, in the Protestant Hall, Peter Bowling addressed a well-attended meeting. He dealt with industrial matters, and made special reference to the treacherous conduct of W. M. Hughes in the recent coal strike. The meeting was held under International Socialist auspices.

This Saturday evening, in the Protestant Hall, Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore (of the British S.D.P.) and A. Crawford (editor of the VOICE OF LABOR, Johannesburg, and also a City Councillor) will address a public meeting. Mrs. Montefiore's subject will be: "Why I am an International Socialist," and Crawford's: "The economics of Capitalism in South Africa."

The usual Sunday Domain meeting was held, with O. Jorgensen in the chair. Rutherford, Crawford, and Blumenthal spoke to a fair and attentive crowd.

The lecture in Boronia Hall lapsed, the heat in the hall making it insufferable.

The night meetings in the streets also lapsed, most of the speakers being engaged at meetings in the country.

At the party meeting on Tuesday night, it was resolved to wire congratulations to the U.L.U. re its defiance of the Arbitration Court.

Broken Hill.

Broken Hill notifies endorsement of recommendations re anti-militarist conference.

The Press Fund.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	69	11	7
Per Mrs. E. Anderson (Book 46)			
H.D. 1s, Diederichs 1s		2	0
W. Kerr		1	2
Per A. Gaum (Book 50) Shedd 1s		1	0
	£70	16	7

Advanced as Loans.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	6	0	0
Repaid	1	0	0
Balance	5	0	0

Total - 75 16 7

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Answers to Correspondents.

M.W., Cessnock.—Thanks. Will use. A.S., Lithgow; B.S., Lithgow; G.M., Adelaide; J.W.D., Adelaide; C.C., Port Pirie; L., Adelaide.—Received. Thanks.

The number of fatal accidents in State mines during the year was 61, and the casualties 5186.

Socialism in the Coal Country.

BY I. ASKEW.

QUITE a party travelled to the coal country on Saturday. Harris was already there. The others were Holland, McEnery, Slade, and the writer.

Maitland was the scene of our first attack on Saturday night, and from the balcony of the "Angel Inn," with Phil. Bible, tobaccoist, on the opposite side of the road, one might conclude that our effort was a good one.

Harris took the chair and Slade opened up and spoke for about twenty minutes, after which Holland spoke for about an hour to a good crowd for Maitland.

About 9 o'clock on Sunday, we arrived at Anstey's Hotel, Cessnock, and if our host made any profit out of Slade he is in duty bound to hand the rest of us at least 6d each. After breakfast, having nothing to do but prepare for the afternoon meeting, we listened to the harmonious discord of Slade and Harris in debate on the all-absorbing topic of "Was there ever a time when there was no time."

At 3 o'clock we arrived at the bicycle track; and things looked only "middling." There wasn't a sign of any crowd; but while we were speculating as to whether or not we would get a meeting, we could see from all points of the compass small knots of mining folk all making for the Reserve. We were greeted by some of the veterans, and I for one began to feel the blood pulsing faster through my veins.

We lost no time. The meeting elected a miner (whose name I have missed) to the chair. He introduced Holland, who entered upon his address, and traced "Germany's March towards the Social Revolution" in a manner which completely captured his listeners. Space will not allow me to deal with this meeting as I would like to; but it was just splendid. For two and a half hours not one man of that crowd attempted to move, unless to come closer, and the whole effort—which was one Holland's best—was punctuated from start to finish with: "Hear, hear," "Well done, Harry," "That's true," etc.

There is nothing more inspiring to a champion of the truth than to know his crowd can see as it were with his own eyes; and when at length we finished up by selling our paper and literature and booking subs., we walked—or rather ran—for we had less than an hour to get tea and reach the train; but we all had that feeling only known to agitators born of having had a good meeting.

When we got to Weston we were met at the station by Tom Delaney, Sullivan, and some of the "discontented" workers, who escorted us to the meeting ground—where one brought a box, another a table, and another a hurricane lamp. W. McIlroy—the man of the Scotch anecdote—was voted to the chair, and introduced the speaker. This was another splendid meeting. There was a very large attendance, and Holland—whose notes were almost useless, owing to the uncertain light—held his audience deeply interested for an hour and a half, winning the plaudits of his hearers all the way through.

Slade had a few words to say; then Sam Rees and Albert Burns, fighters both of them, moved and seconded a vote of thanks to the speakers, a similar compliment being accorded the chairman.

We secured a good number of new subscribers for the paper, and sold a heap of literature. We also met some of the militants among the miners.

But, like all other good things, even an agitation campaign must have an ending, and at 9.35 we heard the pulsing of the engine that was waiting to carry us back to Maitland, where we remained for the night, arising early on Monday to catch the mail train for Sydney—and wage-slavery.

Points from Peter Bowling's Speech

In New Zealand you could get a home by paying 10 per cent. deposit, but here a Labor Minister for Works proposed to build workers' homes and charge 21s per week, and insulted the workers by suggesting that they should take in lodgers to pay the rent. "Why shouldn't Mr. Griffith be made to take in lodgers to help to pay his rent?" If the forefathers of unionism were like "Billy" Hughes, the workers would be all wearing brass collars yet.

If they were properly organised they would not waste their time, as was done at the Labor Conference, in talking claptrap and not discussing one item of any economic benefit to themselves.

Palliatives had increased wages in New Zealand 13 to 15 per cent., but they had also increased the cost of living 20 to 25 per cent.

Mr. Hughes was afraid of his status as gentleman and lawyer, and endeavored to break the strike.

The workers busied themselves with bursting up big estates, when they did not possess a brass farthing to buy land with, when it was subdivided.

Three-quarters of the unionists of New Zealand had accepted industrial unionism in preference to craft unionism.

Mr. Fisher did his disgraceful part by proceeding south, and helped to break the strike there. Others, including Senator Guthrie, cleared out of the State. Labor members had behaved treacherously to the workers when in revolt every time, from the tram strike onward.

Death of Paul Sprenger.

ONCE again Death hews a gap in the ranks of the International Socialists, the victim this time being the genial Paul Sprenger—for many years a member of the International Socialist Club and Party. The "great white plague"—that grim destroyer that seems to fling the mantle of death over more Socialists than any other section of the community—was the cause of our comrade's death, which took place at the Waterfall Sanatorium on Monday morning of this week. He will be mourned by every Socialist who had the privilege of his friendship; for in the days of his health and strength he was a good fighter in the ranks.

Don't forget Saturday night's meeting in the Protestant Hall, Sydney, when Mrs. Montefiore (Eng.) and Councillor Crawford (S. Africa) will speak.

Crowded out: Broken Hill Notes; The Worrying of Josiah; and other items. Next issue.

Mrs. Montefiore and Councillor Crawford in the Protestant Hall this Saturday evening.

Torton, secretary of the Bourse du Travail at Rouen, has been expelled from Belgium on the ground that his presence there constituted a danger. He was ordered to leave within 24 hours. Torton, who is in bad health, will go to Holland if his request to be allowed to prolong his stay in Belgium should be refused.

Melbourne Socialist credits *Barricade Daily Truth* with a par. (re the Duke of Connaught and the boy scouts) that grew in the columns of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Henry Cook, boilermaker, received injuries to his back while working at Mort's Dock.

Industrial unionism would do more good than all the palliative legislation.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Sunday.

DOMAIN, 3.—Ritchie (chair), Rutherford, Crawford, Holland.
MARTIN PLACE, 7.15.—Mrs. Dunne (chair), Slade, Blumenthal.
GOULBURN-STREET, 7.15.—Tracy (chair), Wilson, Whitmore.

International Socialist Demonstration

PROTESTANT HALL.

Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Saturday, March 11, at 8 p.m.

Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore

(Executive Member, British S.D.P.)

"Why I am an International Socialist."

A. Crawford

(Editor, VOICE OF LABOR, and City Councillor, Johannesburg)

"The Economics of Capitalism in South Africa."

Chairman: H. E. HOLLAND.

Silver Collection to defray expenses.

Women Specially Invited. Doors open 7.30.

"The Great French Revolution,"

By Peter Kropotkin.

A great book that shows the working-class side of a great epoch-marking event in the world's history.

Price, 7s; posted, 8s.

Order from the International Socialist Literature Department.

Party Announcements.

Standing Branch advertisements, to occupy one inch, will be inserted free of charge.

New Zealand Socialist Party: Auckland Branch.

Headquarters: Rayner's Buildings, Wellesley-st., Auckland, N.Z. Open every evening till 10.

Secretary: M. J. SAVAGE.

Sunday Meetings—Queen's Wharf, 3 p.m.; corner Wellesley and Queen-streets, 6.45 p.m.

LECTURES in Opera House every Sunday at 7.30.

Lecturer: H. SCOTT BENNETT.

Socialist Federation of Australasia: Sydney Branch.

Headquarters: 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

General meeting, every alternate Tuesday, 8 p.m.

Executive meeting, every Monday, 8 p.m.

Sunday Meetings—Domain, 3; Martin Place, 7.30;

Goulburn-street, 7.30.

Subscription, 1s a month; married couples, 6d each.

Country residents desirous of becoming members are invited to communicate with the Secretary.

Secretary: J. R. WILSON.

A WINTER NIGHT'S THOUGHTS.

I hate this comfort when I think
How many shiver on the brink
Of cold and cheerless want.
How many souls this bitter night,
Who, void of food and fire and light,
Their homes like spectres haunt.

I hate this comfort when I know
That hearts are cold when hands are slow.
Men see but do not move,
They will not help, they will not give;
In love with self alone they live—
They know no other love.

I hate this comfort when I know
'Gainst biting winds and snow,
Ill-clad, ill-fed—the child
Of tender years, shivering with cold,
Goes forth at noon, with grief unold,
To serve a world defiled.

I hate this comfort when I know
Few of the reapers ever sow;
In ease their lives glide by,
While we to them, like slaves, still yield
The skill of hand and fruit and field—
Droop ere our time to die.

I hate this comfort, warmth and cheer,
When in the howling gusts I hear
The hail upon the pane,
And think of those bereft of home
Who near my door are doored
To rage and want and pain.

I hate this comfort when I know
That many a wretch is lying low,
Beside some sheltering one
Or hedge, who may never rise again,
Who ne'er may voice his helpless pain,
Or breathe his name unknown.

I hate this comfort when I know
That plenty rots, and want is woe,
And men are deaf to all
Save self. Death may extract his dues,
And 'neath a hedge his victim choose,
Close by a palace wall.

—WILLIAM MORELAND.

International Notes.

Belgium.

THE miners' strike at Liege is at an end, the Minister of Labor having guaranteed that the new regulations so much objected to by the men shall not be enforced, and that the concessions now promised by the coal owners shall be carried out. Out of all the employers only three have remained obdurate. This constitutes an important victory, both moral and material, for the workers.

France.

A Press Conference was held by the Socialist Party recently, at which 75 weekly papers were represented, and the four dailies: *L'Humanite*, the *Midi Socialiste* (of Toulouse), the *Droit du Peuple* (of Grenoble), and the *Populaire* (Grenoble). The weekly press has altogether 200,000 subscribers, and the four dailies together about 130,000. It was suggested that the National Council should create a press bureau for the simultaneous transmission of news to all the papers.

Six bye-elections for the Paris municipality took place recently. The Socialist Party has done extremely well. In the Twelfth Arrondissement Jean Collin, one of the discharged railwaymen, only fell short by a few dozen votes of a majority in the first ballot; at Montmartre Jean Varenne heads the poll with a majority that assures his success in the second ballot; Felix Poli, in the Fifth Arrondissement, is in the second ballot.

Finland.

The elections are now finished. The total Social-Democratic vote amounts to 321,000 (5,000 more than last time), while that of all the bourgeois parties together is 480,000. There is no doubt that a sharp conflict with the Russian Government will at once begin.

Germany.

Our old Nurnberg comrade Gabriel Lowenstein has just died. He was one of the founders of the Eisenach Party before the union of the two sections, and was the soul of the movement in Nurnberg, which he represented at most of the conferences during the first years of the party's existence. He was 85 years of age.

During the discussion on the budget in the Prussian Landtag the National Liberal deputy Friedberg remarked that the great French railway strike could not have assumed the dimensions it did if more trouble had been taken to protect those desirous of working. He asked the Minister for Railways to set his mind at rest as to whether a strike of such dimensions were really impossible in Germany. The Minister replied: "It has been extremely interesting for us to see that the French Government, which has always held that the railway workers have the right to strike and organise to this end, has changed its mind and come to the point of view, always held by Prussia, that a strike is inadmissible when the safety of the nation is thereby imperilled. It fills me with satisfaction." He continued: "If we ever find ourselves in the presence of such a strike, the country may count upon our doing our duty in averting the danger."

The Coming Revolution in Germany

BY TOM QUELCH, IN "JUSTICE."

TO SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS the present situation in Germany is intensely interesting. The economic strata of that country presents some peculiar aspects.

On the top is a man claiming intimate relations with the divinity; impetuous and self-willed, his mind saturated with dreams of world-empire and conquest, possessing almost absolute power.

Below him and propping him up are the Junkers—the squires of Prussia and Mecklenburg. Side by side with them are the big capitalists, financiers, manufacturers—the bankers of Berlin, the Krupps and Thyssens.

Underneath them, and being rapidly crushed down into the ranks of those below, are the lower middle class—the shopkeepers, the petty manufacturers and traders.

And at the bottom is the agrarian and industrial working class.

The man at the top—Kaiser Wilhelm—is possessed of all manner of reckless notions. The Junkers and their allies are strong, truculent, prepared to tolerate and maintain their mountebank monarch so long as he does not interfere with their interests. The lower middle class are weak and cowardly. Their political policy is a vacillating one, and commands not the slightest respect. And those at the bottom possess in the Social-Democracy the best organised and most ably led political party in the world.

At first glance Germany is something of an enigma. It does not present the transparent characteristics of a highly-developed and capitalist country—such as, say, the United States. The two classes—plutocrat and wage-slave—do not dominate the whole field of politics and industry. In the United States the landlord, as such, occupies a secondary position. In Germany he is on a par with the larger capitalist.

The answer to this seeming riddle is to be found in the historical development of the various German States and the industrial development of the towns, the far-seeing and sinister influence of Bismarck, and the military genius of von Moltke, which seems to have cast into an iron mould everything German.

This iron militarism appears, above all, to have entered into the very heart of the industrial system. Manufacture is carried on with a sort of military precision. Thus it is that the great towns of Germany—Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Stettin, Cologne, and the rest—seem to manufacture in their factories and workshops, along with their goods, members of the Social-Democratic Party. Or, as our comrade Paul Louis says, the revolutionary proletariat is automatically shaped in the forges of the German factory.

Unlike the cowardly middle class, the early Socialists in Germany bravely entered into combat with the Junkers. The result was Bismarck's Anti-Socialist Law and numberless imprisonments and penalties from that time onwards.

Germinating first in the free towns, which were more highly developed industrially, the revolutionary movement has spread to every town in the Empire. As industry grew, so grew Social Democracy. As the rural elements were drawn into the towns, so they were absorbed by the Socialist Party. Having practically won the towns, it is now gradually converting the agrarian working class. Its method is so slow, yet so sure and determined, that its onward progress reminds one of the overpowering and all-embracing force of a mighty glacier.

Take the record of its vote for instance. In 1877 the German Social-Democratic Party polled 493,000 votes; in 1887, 764,000 votes; in 1892, 1,876,000 votes; in 1897, 2,107,000 votes; in 1903, 3,025,000 votes; and in 1907, 3,259,000 votes.

And at this year's election its vote will be—what?

There have been many estimates, and 4,000,000 is given as the lowest.

The present strength in the Reichstag is 52. Professor Hans Delbrueck, a Conservative, predicts that Social-Democracy will enter the Reichstag of 1912 with from 100 to 120 seats.

Some criterion of the party's recent development may be had from the figures given in the report presented to the Copenhagen Congress. In 1907, 530,000 dues-paying members were included in its ranks; in 1908, 587,000; in 1909, 633,000; in 1910, 722,000.

Recently, by-election after by-election has been won with extraordinary success by the Social-Democrats. Votes have been sent up by thousands. Fresh victories are rapidly replacing the seats lost at the last General Election against the Conservative-Liberal coalition.

And each new victory adds to the alarm and terror of Junkerdom.

The Kaiser and his supporters are at their wits' end. They do not know what to do. They are attempting all manner of devices for injuring the triumphant Social-Democracy. Provocating agents are busily employed, plots are being hatched, riots engendered; the master class is becoming more

aggressive; everything is being done to irritate the working-class.

A few months ago the Moabit district of Berlin was the scene of considerable bloodshed. The police tried to dig a pit for the Social-Democracy by sabring some strikers and journalists.

This was undoubtedly a move on the part of the rulers of Germany to invite a rising of the working class in order that it could be suppressed in a sea of blood. But the German workers saw the move and refused to go to the slaughter. They knew that they could lose nothing by waiting.

Bethmann-Hollweg, the Kaiser's Chancellor, has deliberately accused the Social-Democrats of being responsible for the rioting. The reactionary papers demanded stricter laws against agitation, and were in no wise appeased by the promise of the Chancellor to strengthen the existing criminal code.

As further evidence of the state of terror in which the master class of German are with regard to the rise of the "subversive" elements there is the extraordinary document read to the Magdeburg Congress by our comrade Libertz. This was drawn up by General von Bissing, of the Seventh Corps, and set forth in detail how to cope with a revolutionary uprising. A stage of seige was to be declared. Socialist papers were to be suppressed, and their editors arrested. Socialist leaders were also to be thrown into prison. All meetings were to be forbidden. It also stated that arrangements had been made in the event of a railway strike, and finished with tactical prescriptions for street fighting.

Fretting under the ever-insistent demands of the Social-Democracy, dreading each successive election, the authorities now seem anxious to provoke a fight. Particularly is this so in Prussia, where such remarkable Socialist demonstrations have taken place demanding Adult Suffrage. Having the military at their command, and growing somewhat tired of the ineffective police prosecutions, they are desirous of seeing what the soldiers can do towards ridding them of the red terror.

The demands of the Social-Democrats, too, are becoming bolder and bolder. At one time the general strike was regarded by them as a mere chimera, now it is considered as a speedy means of achieving political ends. Stronger and ruder tactics than those hitherto employed are being suggested. There may be a certain revisionist element in the party—an element which reflects in a way local economic conditions—but when the hour strikes for the great struggle the Revisionists will instinctively fall into line—just as the Baden representatives at the Magdeburg Congress, after leaving the hall, returned to acclaim the Franchise struggle of their Prussian comrades. The very aggressiveness and brutality of the Junkers is forcing the Revisionists into the revolutionary camp.

Thus nearer and nearer draws the great conflict. It is to be hoped that when it does take place we in this country will be in a position to play our part, either in assisting our comrades or in preventing the ruling-class of this and other countries from helping in the suppression of the revolution.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full!

TWENTY-TWO men have been killed by a British force under Lieut.-Col. Keppel, on the Indian frontier.

C. Wilding, laborer, had his thigh fractured and was also injured about the head and back by a telegraph pole which fell when he was working at the top of it, at Waverley.

At Kingsdale, Goulburn, an old workingman, John Heffernan, was crushed to death in a lime-quarry by a large rock which fell in on him. His body was terribly mutilated.

J. Beckhouse, laborer, had his right eye blown out and was otherwise badly injured by an explosion of dynamite at Nott's brickworks, Armidale.

Edward Layton, employed felling timber, was shockingly injured by a falling tree at Guy Fawkes, near Armidale.

Joseph Slatery, 21 years of age, was caught between a hydraulic capstan and a cable at Darling Island, and had his skull fractured, his right arm and left leg broken in two places. He died in the hospital.

Keith Davis, an employee at Ellis's saw-mill, Bowraville, had his left leg broken through a log rolling on him.

Thomas Love, railway worker, was killed in a train accident at Toogoolawah, Q.; Dan McDonald had a leg torn off, and M. Ambrosini was badly injured about the head.

Lizzie Quinn, a 16-years-old factory worker, and John Nace, a fireman, were injured in a fire at a varnish factory at Alexandria.

Percy James, a lad of 15, was crushed to death at West Maitland, as the result of a collision between a tram and a cart he was driving.

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A HARVEST SONG.

The grey bulk of the granary uplooms against the sky;
The harvest moon has dwindled—they have housed the corn and rye;
And now the idle reapers lounge against the bolted doors;
Without are hungry harvesters, within enchanted stores.

Lo, they had bread while they were out a-toiling in the sun;
Now they are strolling beggars, for the harvest work is done.
They are the gods of husbandry. They gather in the sheaves,
But when the autumn ships the wood, they're drifting with the leaves.

They plow and sow and gather in the glory of the corn;
They know the noon, they know the pitiless rains before the morn;
They know the sweep of furrowed fields that darken in the gloom—
A little while their hope on earth, then evermore their tomb.

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

The Johannesburg Tram Strike.

A Victory for Revolutionary Unionism.

BY A. CRAWFORD, EDITOR JOHANNESBURG
"VOICE OF LABOR."

INSPECTOR PEACH had risen from the ranks. His promotion was not in order. It was his "thirty pieces of silver." He could be trusted to spot agitators and have them removed. If necessary he could trap a conductor and work up a criminal charge. When a victim of his machinations was arraigned before a court, Peach was there beside the prosecutor instructing the latter with a vigor and enthusiasm which might have earned a public testimonial were they exercised to save, instead of to damn, souls. In many cases I personally know of, it was Peach's word or that of his victim, and it always ended in hard labor for the latter and no option.

Little wonder, therefore, that Peach was feared by many over whom he held such power. Once I offered a vigorous defence in the Council Chamber of one of Peach's victims. In the street that evening a passer-by jeered at me. I turned round. It was Peach. He doubtless expected me to complain to the management where, because of my attitude towards them in Council, his insult would have been another mark in his favor. He was surprised when I set out to punch his head, and offered a cowardly denial of his act.

When Peach was temporarily transferred to another department, life for a tramway-man was less hell, and it was with feeling akin to madness that the news of his return to his former post was received by the men. "What is to be done? Is not there a man amongst us to direct our heartfelt protest?" These and like questions were being asked all round. There was a man amongst them, and he knew a scientific mode of protest.

Comrade T. Glynn is "associate" editor of the *Voice* during my absence abroad. His articles on Industrial Unionism have found their way into American papers. He is a motorman on the trams. He convened a meeting of the men. From the Trades Hall came a whole army of Labor leaders and politicians, vote-angling for the most part. Glynn was appointed chairman. His advice was to strike at some psychological moment, if the Tramway Committee of the Council refused to remove Peach. It was pointed out that they would be immediately arrested under the "Industrial Disputes Act." "Damn the law," said Glynn, "I'm prepared to go to jail. Are any of you prepared to take my place?" "I will!" was the general chorus.

A course of action having been decided upon, it was suggested that one of the Labor members of Parliament should address them. Mr. Cresswell, M.L.A., a former slave-driver on the Village main reef and the mine manager who inaugurated the famous "five-bob-a-day" white labor policy, rose to speak, but before he could utter a word up jumped Glynn, his face ablaze, his eyes belching forth fire, and from his lips came these significant words: "If any of the Trades Hall scabs have anything to do with this business I'm out of it. Choose between them and me."

And they stuck to Glynn. Saturday is a busy day in Johannesburg. Thousands of people come in from the neighboring reef towns and the trams are taxed to their utmost. The shops do most of their business on Saturday, and most of what they do is done at night, by aid of the electric light.

On Saturday, 21st January, the suburbanites of Johannesburg could find no trams. The city has an area of 80 square miles. The sun is as hot as it is in Sydney, and in the broiling heat the business community wearily trudged the great distances to the city. The executive of the Chamber of Commerce was summoned, and submitted proposals for a settlement of the strike. These suggested the suspension of Peach pending an enquiry. "We want no enquiry," said Glynn. "Peach must go."

Councillors and others pointed out the law just recently passed under which every man could be put in prison. "We have con-

sidered that," said Glynn, "and our decision is: Peach must go."

The men in the Power Department had refused to start the engines that morning and the Town Electrical Engineer had to do it himself. Impatient at the protracted length of the strike (about seven hours), Glynn suggested they should march in a body to the Power station and get the men to come out. "It won't be our fault," said Glynn, "if a light burns in the town to-night."

The interview was successful. The Power men agreed to shut down the engines and draw the boiler fires if a settlement was not effected at 1 o'clock.

At eight minutes to one the Tramway Committee capitulated.

Mr. Henderson, the chairman, made his appearance and read the Committee's resolution, "That on condition that the men start work at once we, the Tramway Committee, agree that Inspector Peach be at once removed from the Tramway Department and an enquiry held concerning charges made against him."

"I kona!" shouted the men, which translated from the Kaffir means, "No fear. It won't do." When order was restored, the assurance was given that Peach would never be allowed to resume work in the Department.

"Now, do please get the trams going," said the chairman of the Tramway Committee, and out of the sheds proceeded a hundred trams. They were met at the Market Square by the cheering populace, which forgot its suffering in the greater cause which absorbed its heart-felings—the cause of the men.

Thus was won the most interesting strike in South African history. The Trades Hall bungled the miners' strike and would have bungled this one but for Glynn. To have obeyed the Act would have made a strike impossible for perhaps months, and then victory would have been impossible.

This strike is a lesson for the times. If the workers want to lose a strike, adopt craft union principles. If they want men who will sell them to the master class, send for the Labor politician. But if they want to win let them get the Socialist idea; make up their mind to fight "come dungeons dark or gallows grim"; think of what is right rather than what is legal; in the words of Buddha, "Be a refuge unto yourselves, betake yourselves to no external refuge"—in other words be class conscious. Hit quick and hard—and well it isn't the master class who can bring defeat.

Economics of Karl Marx.
Beginners' Course in Socialism.

BY MARY E. MARCY IN THE "INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW," CHICAGO.

1.—What You Sell to the Boss.

If you are a working man or woman, no matter what you do in a shop or factory or mine, you know that there are TWO kinds of power used in the plant—human, or LABOR-POWER, and steam, or water (or perhaps—gas explosion) power.

The owner of a new barrel mill in Indiana decided it would be cheaper to have some company furnish POWER to run his mill than to instal a power plant himself, so he sent for the three representatives of the three plants in that city.

The first man came from the company that offered to run the machines in the mill by STEAM power; the second came from a firm which wanted to sell him a gasoline engine to furnish power by the explosion of gas, while the third came from a great water-power company. This man offered to supply power to run the mill machinery at a lower price than the others asked. Of course, he secured the contract.

By this time the mill owner was almost ready to have his plant opened. He had logs (or raw material) ready to start on; he had machinery and power to run that machinery. Only one thing more was needed to start the plant running and to produce staves and hoops for barrels. This was the COMMODITY which you workers supply. It is HUMAN-POWER, human LABOR-POWER.

One hundred years ago almost everything was produced by human labor-power, but gradually improved machinery has been invented that lessens the human toil needed to make things. Big machines, run by steam or water-power, now do most of the heavy and difficult work. But the owner of the mine or factory or mill needs one other COMMODITY to guide the machines, to prepare raw material for the machines, to tend the machines and feed them. He needs YOUR LABOR-POWER.

The barrel manufacturer in Indiana said he needed "hands." He meant HANDS TO DO things. He meant LABOR-POWER. So he put an advertisement in the paper reading "Men Wanted." Of course he did not want to buy MEN outright, as folks used to buy chattel slaves. He hired some of you to work for him. He bought your human POWER (to work)—Your LABOR-POWER.

And you sold him your LABOR-POWER, just as a stockman sells horses or a baker sells bread. You went to the boss with something to SELL. He was in the market to BUY human LABOR-POWER, and if your price was low you probably got a job.

Some of us work many years before we realise that even we wage-workers have ONE COMMODITY to sell. As long as we are able to work we try to find a BUYER of our LABOR-POWER. We hunt for a job and the boss that goes with a job.

Men and women who have no other means of support HAVE TO SELL their LABOR-POWER for wages in order to live.

A COMMODITY is something that satisfies some human want; something produced by LABOR-POWER for sale or exchange. A dress made by a woman for herself is not a commodity. A dress made to be sold to somebody else is a commodity. It is not made for use, but for SALE.

Sheep are commodities, as are shoes, houses, gloves, bread, steam-power and water-power, when sold by one man to another. And your strength to MAKE things, your human laboring power (or, as Marx says, your LABOR-POWER) is also a commodity when sold to an employer for wages.

Now you know that any man who is selling a commodity asks as high a price for it as he can. The little grocer who runs the small store near your home charges just as much as possible in selling butter to you. The coal dealers raise their prices whenever they can. And when you strike a price for a job, you ask as high a price for your labor-power as you think you can get.

High prices for LABOR-POWER is what wage-workers want. LOW prices for your LABOR-POWER is what your employer wants.

Are your interests identical? What happens when there are ten men competing to SELL their LABOR-POWER? Who gets the JOB?

What happens when there are several jobs and only one worker? Will he receive HIGHER or LOWER wages? Will he get a good price for his labor-power?

When workmen are scarce and manufacturers are forced to pay a high price for LABOR-POWER (high wages) in a certain locality, does the scarcity of workers last long? If not, why not?

When men are hunting jobs towards which cities do they go? Why?

Does SUPPLY and DEMAND have anything to do with the PRICE at which you are able to sell your LABOR-POWER?

Why is the steel trust putting up a fifty million dollar plant in China? Will they be able to make more profits manufacturing steel there than in America? Why?

Why do Chinese workmen come to America to sell their labor-power?

Karl Marx talks much of COMMODITIES—their VALUE and their PRICE, and in order to understand his teachings, we must know first of all that we are sellers of a COMMODITY called LABOR-POWER.

We suggest that classes buy and study three books. These contain the gist of the whole Socialist philosophy:

The Communist Manifesto, by Marx and Engels.

Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, by Engels.

Value, Price and Profit, by Marx.

These lessons are only an attempt to say, in the language of workmen and women, the things Marx says in his own books.

Socialist Fables.

Satan and the Bishop.

BY W. R. W.

A Bishop died immensely wealthy, and as it has been said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God," he, of course, went to the other place.

On his arrival at Hades, Satan met him, and commanded him to prepare himself for punishment befitting the sins he had committed.

First, he made him attire himself as he used to when conducting service on earth.

Then he placed him in a pulpit, from which there was no escape, and from the infernal regions he assembled a congregation of millionaires, misers, bogus philanthropists, stock-jobbers, land agents, sweaters, titled aristocrats, and pious old gentlemen who had died very wealthy, after leaving some of their money to churches, in the hope that they might thus bribe the gods to forgive their sin of lifelong selfishness.

"Now," said Satan, "you must preach to this congregation, taking for your text: 'Blessed are the Poor,' and you must preach until you convert one of those gentlemen to believe in that text."

Speaking at Renmark, O'Flaherty, of the U.I.U., said: "Arbitration was only coercion on the part of the capitalist class. He had stated that he would keep on asking for increases until they were getting 16s a day, and added that they would keep on until they abolished the wages system. They told the leaders what to do, instead of letting their leaders tell them, and as they grew stronger they would rule the political world, instead of letting it rule them."

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Official Organ of Revolutionary Socialism in N.S.W.

Under the control of Joint Executives, International Socialists.

H. E. HOLLAND, Editor.

Offices: 61 Goulburn-street, Sydney

Headquarters: 274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

All Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

All Literary Communications to be addressed to the Editor.

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